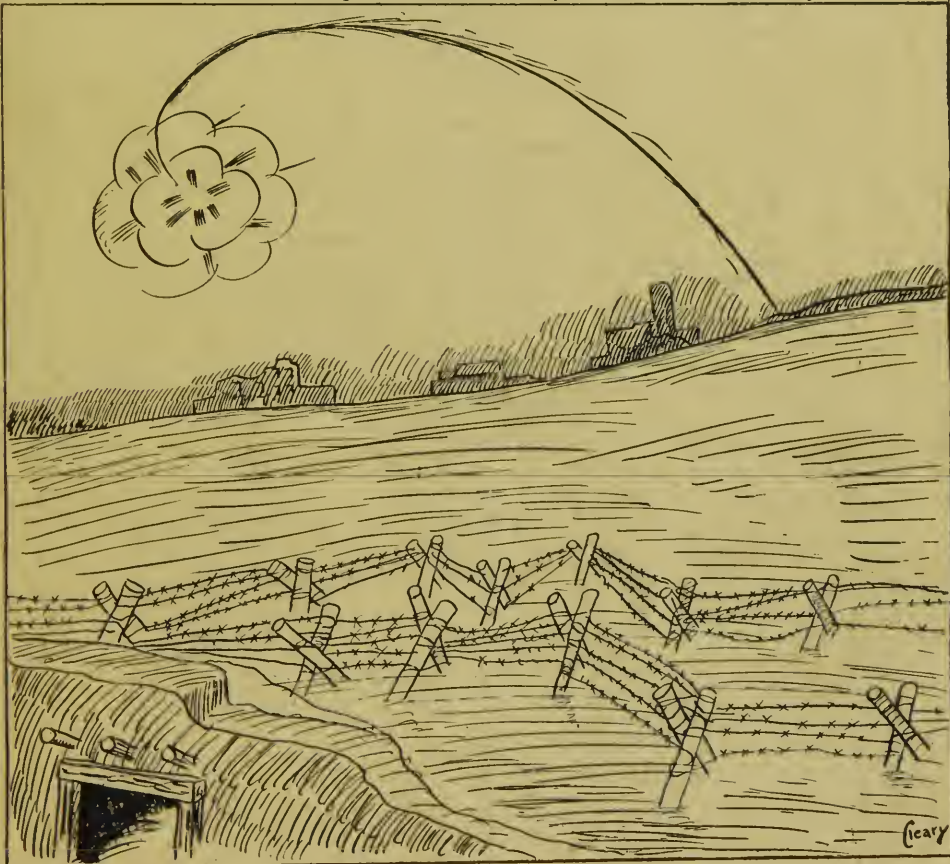


STAR SHELL

— PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY —

...U.S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL, No 17 MARKLETON, PA. ...



MAY THIS CHRISTMAS BE ONE FILLED WITH JOY AND GLADNESS; MAY YOU LOOK BACK UPON A YEAR WELL SPENT; AND MAY YOUR OUTLOOK FOR THE COMING YEAR BE THE BRIGHTEST AND MOST PROMISING YOU HAVE EVER HAD.

Connellsville Drug Co.

130 W. Main Street
Opp. West Penn Station

Connellsville, Pa.

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Five and Ten Cent Goods
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Toys, Etc.
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Home Furnishings

Tri-State Phone 139
Bell Phone 341

147-151 West Main Street
Connellsville, Pa.

Bishop's Restaurant

Theodore Jones,
Prop.

108 South Pittsburgh St.
Connellsville, Pa.

J. H. Doyle

Established 1895

Cigars, Tobacco
and Pipes

Confectionery &
Fine Box Candies

Base Ball, Sporting &
Athletic Goods

172 W. Crawford Ave.
Opp. Yough House

Connellsville, Pa.

Here is
Mitchell

The Undertaker
from

Connellsville, Pa.

He is not looking
for you.

He is looking
for the (Kaiser)

COLLINS
Drug Store

117 S. Pittsburgh Street
Connellsville, Pa.

wishes a
Merry Christmas
to everybody
but the Kaiser

Men's Wear
of Quality

McClaren

Connellsville, Pa.

Sugar Bowl
Confectionery

The Home of
Homemade
Candies and
Ice Cream

Don't forget to visit the
Sugar Bowl

126 N. Pittsburgh Street
Connellsville, Pa.

"The Store Ahead"

Goldstone
Bros.

Connellsville, Pa.

E. T. RUBIN

WHOLESALE
PRODUCE

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136 W. Peach St.
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Near B. & O. Depot

Connellsville, Pa.

AARON'S

Furniture
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Largest House
Furnishing
Establishment
In Southwestern
Pennsylvania

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

STAR SHELL

OF, FOR AND BY THE MEN OF THE
U.S.A. GENERAL HOSPITAL, MARKLETON, PA. ~

VOL. I.

DECEMBER 24, 1918

No. 5

A Christmas Message

The Red Cross Home Service Christmas Message to the Nation
Its Fighting Men, and Their Families

By T. J. EDMONDS

Director, Department Civilian Relief, Potomac Division American Red Cross

It is said that on the first Christmas a bright star hovered over the place where a child was born. Three wise men from a far country followed the star and came bearing gifts.

A star—a child—and the act of giving.

Ever since, year after year, throughout the tragic ages Christmas has meant those three things.

The star is the symbol that whatever Gods there be, pay tribute to the finest sentiment humanity ever felt or ever knew—the spirit of doing for others.

The Star, that paused over the lowly place that had become a home because a mother and child were there, was the token that God had placed the seal of His protection upon the home and had written in the skies—"This is my gift to man."

And with the birth of that child was born the spirit of giving.

Whether or not the wise men gave wisely, they gave. And their giving and the mother's gift of a child to the world made the day forever mean the giving of one's self in sacrifice and service.

The past two years have been consecrated to giving. The Nation gave its finest manhood; mothers, wives and

children gave their nearest and dearest; the men who went to camp and battle-field gave whatever the God of War demanded—unlimited devotion, supreme sacrifice, the utmost resource of energy and the last drop of blood, if need be. All gave that the world might be a fit home for the children of humanity, born and unborn.

And the men who have bought with their bodies—and yet live—those priceless things;—the peace of the world, the integrity of its homes, and the welfare of the children of mankind; must still give the last ounce of fortitude, of the courage-to-come-back and of the will-to-win, in the struggles of peace.

And those who have come through unhurt in body but who still must remain in camp or overseas through days of drab duty or weary waiting, must give a something that is even harder to give than that which they offered when sustained by the fervor of the fight.

And their families too, who are now learning that waiting is worse than waiting, are still called upon to bear, until an unfixed time, an absence which is more unendurable because their spirits are unsustained by the glamour of a great urgency.

The least, therefore, that the Red Cross can give to all those who have given and are giving so much--the least tribute certainly which this organization of the millions who stayed at home can offer to the spirit of Christmas--is its solemn pledges still to keep their homes safe—to hover as did the star over their hearths—to find friends for the families of the fighters—to give both to them and their loved ones comfort and cheer and tangible service in any moment of need whatsoever—to secure for their children those opportunities for knowledge and health and happiness to which all the sons and daughters of a free and just nation are entitled, and which, if that nation is to remain or be free and just, they may reasonably expect.

To make good this pledge, the Home Service department of the Red Cross has had, and will still maintain, with the forces overseas and in the camps, men of heart and vision, and we hope of wisdom, to whom the men in service may come whenever concerned about anything which relates to their own civil interests or the welfare of their families. These Red Cross representatives have served and will continue to serve the men at any time they may meet with a varied grist of trouble—a delayed allotment and allowance—a sick child back home—a lonely or discouraged wife—a heartbroken old mother—some business difficulty—a legal right threatened—material necessities lacking—or just a bit of timely information needed.

They have been able so to serve the men because back of them, in the States, stood the Red Cross rearguard of 5000 Home Service Sections and their huge army of consecrated men and women—Home Service workers—to whom no mountain vastness, no stretch of plain or desert, no roadless tidewater lowland, is too remote or inaccessible if a fighter's family is there and if there also is the opportunity which they covet—to serve others and to conserve.

And it shall be so—this continuing

pledge the Red Cross gives until the last soldier shall have returned—still further until the last family shall no longer need Home Service because of the wastage of war—and finally until the last brave man who comes back maimed in body or in mind, shall have so resumed his place in the ranks of peace that there is naught further which he may require in the way of service or inspiration from the heart of a grateful nation.



Opportunity

They do me wrong who say I come no more

When once I knock and fail to find you in ;

For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away !

Weep not for golden ages on the wane !
Each night I burn the records of the day ;
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped ;

To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb :

My judgements seal the dead past with its dead,

But never bind a moment yet to come.
Though deep in mire, wring not thy hands and weep :

I lend a hand to all who say : " I can ! "
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep

But yet might rise and be again a man.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all agast ?

Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow ?

Then turn from blotted archives of the past

And find a future's pages white as snow !

Art thou a mourner ? Rouse thee from thy spell ;

Art thou a sinner ? Sins may be forgiven !

Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell ;

Each night a star to guide thy feet to Heaven.

—Walter Malone, of Mississippi

U. S. A. General Hospital No. 17

United States Army General Hospital No. 17 is located at Markleton, Somerset County, Pennsylvania. The town has a population of about 60 people. It is situated 96 miles south of Pittsburg and 60 north of Cumberland, Md., on the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

son but becomes very cold in the winter. Frequently the thermometer reaches 20 degrees below zero. The Sanatorium is protected from the winds by the high mountains which nearly surround it.

The roads around Markleton are of the ordinary dirt type. They are fairly



Main Building U. S. A. General Hospital No. 17

The Sanatorium is in a very picturesque part of the Allegheny Mountains. It is located on the slope of one of the hills. A beautiful lawn extends down to the tracks of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which follows the course of the Casselman River, a small stream beyond the railroad. The mountains surrounding the Hospital are very steep and rocky and are covered with underbrush and timber.

The climate is variable. It is mild and very pleasant in the summer sea-

good in summer but practically impassable in winter.

The building which the government leased for a hospital was constructed in 1891 for sanatorium purposes. The buildings in use at present consist of the old sanatorium; one 40 foot square, two story bungalow and one 20 foot square, one story bungalow, used now as nurses quarters; three temporary type "K" outside wards, and an old barn now used for a garage. The sanatorium building is 401 feet long. The



One of the New Wards in Construction

central portion is of brick, four stories high. There are two wings, the north consisting practically of the old dining room and kitchen, and the south a two story structure cut up into small rooms. Practically all the patients in this building are on the two porches of the north and south wings. The private rooms immediately behind the porches are used as dressing, recreation, toilet, linen, examining and nurses' rooms.

The old Sanatorium was taken over for the Surgeon General February 28, 1918 by Captain Phares, Sanitary Corps. Civilian patients were hastily dismissed. Major Henry W. Hoagland, M. R. C. arrived as Commanding Officer, March 4, 1918. Captain P. A. Loomis, M. R. C. and 1st. Lieut. Henry Bunger, S. C. arrived March 6, 1918.

A fire occurred March 6, on the fourth floor of the main building. It was discovered about 7:30 in the morning, and burned for about three hours, destroying the roof, walls and about one half of the fourth floor.

The remainder of the building was badly damaged by water. Upon investigation it was believed that the fire was caused by defective wiring. Immediately the entire wiring system was renewed.

The hospital water supply is taken from the Yser Run by means of an eight inch pipe. The intake is located up in the mountains a mile

from the hospital. It is led into a fifty thousand gallon tank which is situated on the hill above the hospital buildings.

Owing to the fact that the plumbing and sewerage systems were old and in bad repair, they were overhauled before patients were admitted to the hospital.

Garbage from the hospital was for a time burned, but now it is boiled and fed to pigs belonging to the hospital.

Hydrotherapy was one of the prominent features of the old Sanatorium. For this reason a well equipped bathing establishment was operated on the second floor of the laundry building



A Scene in one of the Wards



A Scene on the Porch

These rooms are connected by covered corridors from the second floor of the hospital. The bathing establishment has a white tile floor, shower baths of various kinds, bath tubs, marble slabs for rubs, and dressing rooms.

Two forms of heating the hospital are used. The main building and the south wing are heated by two hot water boilers located in the basement. The north wing, dinning rooms, and bath rooms are heated by steam from the power plant, located 500 feet from the main building. The power plant also has a dynamo which furnishes a current of 110 volts for light and power for all the buildings.

The Sanatorium kitchen is used for supplying the mess for the staff, corps men, and patients. The small dining room is used for the officers mess, and the main dining hall for the corps men and patients at different hours. The nurses have their mess in the larger bungalow, where most of them have quarters.

The old Sanatorium

had a small laundry consisting of one washing machine, one extractor, one drying room and one mangle operated by electric power. Considering its size, the amount of work done is remarkable. It was at first run by civilian help but, was soon put in charge of the enlisted men.

Religious services were inaugurated shortly after the Government took over

the Sanatorium, Maj. Henry C. Hall, a retired army chaplain started the work. Later Chaplain Mahoney was sent here. He was ordered over seas the latter part of September, and then services were discontinued until the latter part of November when Mr. R. A. Vosburgh, Y. M. C. A. Secretary was assigned to this post.

A large well lighted room, formerly the ladies parlor, near the main entrance, has been converted into a recreation room and library. The library consists of about a thousand books furnished by the American Library



Markleton's Daily Excitement



Attention !

Association. Writing, reading, and magazine tables are in one end of the room, and tables for checkers, dominos, crokinole, and other quiet games in the other. There is also a piano and Victrola in the room. The Y. M. C. A. Secretary has a desk here and furnishes stationery and supplies to the men. The room has a large cheerful open fire.

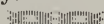
The recreation room, used by the old Sanatorium, is located in the basement.

It contains a pool and billiard table surrounded by chairs and settees. A Post Exchange has been established at one end.

Picture shows are given twice a week in one wing of an outside ward. All ambulatory patients, corps men, and others connected with the hospital are admitted free. The expenses of the shows are taken out of the hospital fund.

The organization of the hospital is as follows: Joseph Walsh, Capt. M. C. Commanding. Capt. James M. Wood, M. C. Chief of Medical Service. Capt. Robert Pillow, Jr., M. C. Chief of Surgical Service. Capt. Chas. Sylvester, M. C. Ward Surgeon. Capt. Albert M. Wehenkel, M. C. Ward Surgeon. Capt. James C. Thompson, M. C. Chief of X-Ray Service. Capt. Gayfree Ellison, M. C. Chief of Laboratory. Capt. Hymen Rosensohn, Q. M. Constructing Quartermaster. 1st Lieut. M. V. Tal-

bot, S. C. Adjutant, Detachment Commander. 1st Lieut. Clifford V. Mayhall, M. C. Ward Surgeon. 1st Lieut. Henry F. Schantz, M. C., Chief of Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat Clinic. 1st Lieut. Nathaniel J. Gould, M. C., Ward Surgeon. 1st Lieut. Robt. George Peaschman, M. C., Ward Surgeon. 1st Lieut. Raymond B. Hurst, S. C., Mess Officer. 1st Lieut. Henry Bunker, S. C., Medical Supply, Transport Corps. 2nd Lieut. Thomas L. Dougherty, Q. M., Quartermaster. 2nd Lieut. James H. Powell, S. C., Personnel Officer, Registrar. 2nd Lieut. Philip M. Conley, S. C., Reconstruction Officer. Raymond A. Vosburgh, Y. M. C. A. Secretary.



The Connellsville Fair

On Sunday, Dec. 15, the Connellsville "Fair" was on exhibition in the Library. Most of the men in the hospital were in attendance, but only a select few were permitted to act as honorary guard during its stay here.

This was the return call to the hospital. A short time ago the Minstrel Show went to Connellsville and entertained the town.

The girls made merry with song and story while here, and at noon time served a lunch which tempted many and caused a few to forget the mess hall. They were welcome guests and brightened up the gloomy week.

Those in the party were: Miss Madge Harper, Miss Birdie King, Miss Mary Nee, Miss Margaret Hart, Miss Katherine Hart and Miss Emma Hart. These young ladies had much to do with the success of the Markleton Minstrel Show in Connellsville, for through their efforts most of the tickets were sold.

Thoughts on Markleton Mud

I had just finished cleaning my shoes after a none too delightful tramp thru the mud; and had seated myself quite comfortably before the library fire, which was burning most delightfully homey. Tho I was rather muddy minded and blue, I braced up when a pal of mine walked in.

As he entered he came to attention and saluted.

"What are you saluting?" I asked. The tone of my voice was rather unsympathic but commanding—for I felt provoked that he could come over the same trail and be happy while I felt glum.

"'The Country Gentlemen,' sir" he said and threw the paper at me. Then he added, "It is just fine and warm out of doors."

"How can anyone be a gentleman and live in such mud?" I asked. "For when you say country you imply mud, wet in winter, dry in summer, but always mud." "Red mud, black mud or mud of any color; thick mud, thin mud; mud knee deep, mud ankle deep; oh, it is a fine thing and a beautiful thought, mud, mud, mud!"

"A smart editor in a nice office in Philadelphia can call himself, a Country Gentleman; but did the boys in the oozy trenches think themselves gentlemen because of the earthy slush, or do you think your manners are better because you slide and stick in mother earth's chocolate frosting? Mud, that's a pig's delight, not mine!"

"Mud—mud—who said mud! I would have nothing to do with the dirty stuff. I was out walking in the beautiful setting that holds the unequalled beauties of nature, the pedestal that supports the rose and jasmine flower."

"Every clod feels the star of might,
An instinct within it that reaches
and towers,

And groping blinding above it for
light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and
flowers."

He must have noticed my face was not quite tuned to the smell of the jasmine flower when he quoted those lines. I will admit that my thoughts were low—and not Lowell.

However, it did me good to meet someone that enjoyed mud, for I felt then I had discovered a rare mind,—yes, as rare as a sugar bowl in war times.

"What is good about mud?" I asked.

"Good," answered my pal, "good!"

"It is all good."

"Listen:—

'Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to
clay,
Might now be used to keep the wind
away.

Oh, that that one that held the world
in awe,
Might now be used to quench the win-
ter's thaw.'

"Oh!. I understand," "We were out walking in the precious clay that Adam's sons and daughters were made of. I wonder how many big chiefs I spiked today; or perhaps I am carrying a conglomerate of statesmen, brave soldiers, pretty maids that wait for them, or that 'heart once pregnant with celestial fire' on my shoes."

My pal appeared at my bunk on Friday night when I was cleaning my shoes for inspection.

"I am just separating my plebean shoes," I said, "from their aristocratic decorations for they cannot be inspected while in such company."

He turned to leave for he considered me soulless and without vision, but I called him back.

"Say my friend," I said, "I think I will shine shoes when I leave the army for then I will always be with the great and near great."

The main road is not mud to me,
It is a course in history.

News Items

Corp. A. Reitnauer, of the Q. M. C., returned back to his duties Dec. 15, after a five days visit at his home in Yonkers, N. Y.

Corp. T. Noon, who was at his home in Gypsy, W. Va. on a ten day furlough, is back on duty again. Course "Tom" had a good time.

Regardless of the rain on last Saturday afternoon, the usual number of detachment men were issued passes to spend that evening and the next day in one of the near-by cities.

Sergt. Thayer was lucky enough to get a 12 day pass, which is giving him a chance to spend Christmas at his home in Hoboken, N. J.

In response to the request for more men, the War Department sent us twenty-five men from Camp Greenleaf, Ga. The men are welcome and we are glad to see them.

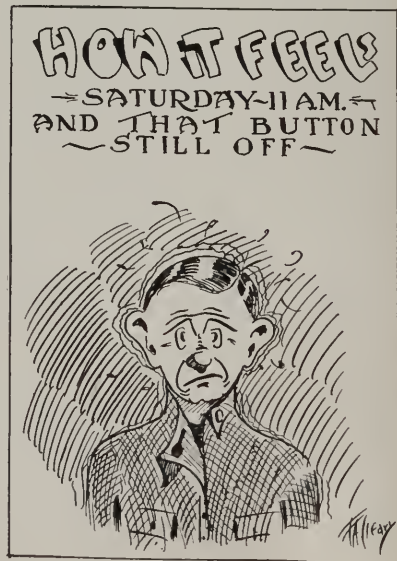
Twenty of the twenty-five men are non-commissioned officers, so the poor privates who came with them, are privileged to have four attendants.

Mr. Roland of Philadelphia, a division representative of Federal Vocational Board, visited the hospital recently, and interviewed men ready to be discharged and told them of opportunities. Representatives will be sent here frequently to see men before they are discharged, to give them assistance in securing employment.

Mr. Carl Webber, formerly a patient in the hospital, died of influenza, a short time after he was discharged from this institution.

The hospital has had two new Dodge cars added to its equipment. One a

touring car, to be used by the Commanding Officer; the other, a truck to be used by the Mess Officer. Both cars are late models painted olive drab and make a fine appearance. Sergeants Hall and Booth went to Baltimore to get the cars and drove them to Markleton. Weather conditions made the trip a very unpleasant one.



A Unique Entertainment

"Chief" Joe Davis, a full blooded Indian, gave a unique and interesting entertainment at the hospital recently. The "Chief" is giving all his time to the army camps now, and does wonderful things in a graceful manner.

Mr. Davis has been an amuser for some time. He traveled with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, Pawnee Bill's Show, 101 Ranch and other smaller circuses. In his line he is a leader and for his ability has been awarded many prizes. Mr. Davis has not spent all his time in the ring and on the ranch for he holds a diploma from the Carlisle Indian School.

He introduced an educated rope to the audience and had it do clever stunts. It formed a cowboy's bouquet, knots representing love and marriage, and other knots were made and untied with one throw.

He proved himself to be a handcuff king and we are still wondering how he freed his hands several times.

The rest of the program was varied. He gave an Indian War Dance, delivered a short address about the customs of his people, read a poem entitled Custer's Last Fight, and christened the men who helped him with good Indian names.

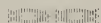
To end the program, he took a trained rope, which had a flag fastened to it, and, in his skillful way, waved it around himself. It was a beautiful act well performed.

Tributes to Our Friends

The kindness and generosity of the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and our friends, near and at a distance, are appreciated more than we can express in words. Some of the recent donors who have been looking out for our welfare and to whom we wish to express special thanks are Miss Gertrude H. Leidy, of Philadelphia, through whose efforts, have been sent numerous pairs of socks,

sweaters, Victrola records, and cigarets; Messrs. Duncan and Moorhead, of Philadelphia, for cigarets; Miss Margaret B. Barnett, for the donation of \$25.00 for cigars and cigarets. we feel that we should thank Mr. George W. C. Drexel for his personal interest, as evidenced by his trip across the State from Philadelphia to visit us.

The ladies Bible Class of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School, Duquesne Pa., presented the hospital with a beautiful ambulance robe. It is made of knitted squares. The squares were arranged in the center to form a red cross. We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of this robe.



Distinguished Army Officer Visits Hospital

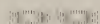
The hospital was visited and inspected by Colonel Willard F. Truby, M. C., U. S. A., on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 12 and 13.

Colonel Truby is an old line officer, having been in the Army twenty years, in fact he celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his entrance to service while here on December Twelfth.

Colonel Truby is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, Medical School, Class of 1897, his cousin, Colonel Albert E. Truby, M. C., U. S. A., graduating with him. Before entering the Army Colonel Truby was resident physician at the Philadelphia General Hospital.

He served during the Spanish American War in Cuba and the Philippines. For the past year he has been head of the Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

His Army experience made his constructive criticism especially valuable to us and we will be particularly glad to welcome him again.



Money you bet on the mare doesn't always push her under the wire first.

THE STAR SHELL

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
THE PATIENTS AND CORPS MEN

—OF—

U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 17
MARKLETON : : PENNSYLVANIA

Managing Editor, Private Dale E. Winterbourne
Associate Editors, One Patient from Each Ward

VOL. I DECEMBER 24, 1918 No. 5

Our New Office

The office of THE STAR SHELL is located on the new porch, south end of the main hospital building. The office is well furnished, heated and lighted and we trust everyone will visit it and bring in some news items or original short stories.

Everyone is expected to help make the paper a success, and since none of the reporters can give all their time to the work, it is very evident that an item from you will add zest and interest to it.

Visit the office and if there is no one to take your story, leave it on the desk. We hope to have depositories for news items placed at convenient places throughout the hospital, but do your work now and that will cause things to improve faster than any other way.



An Appropriate Xmas Present

What would be better for an Xmas present than a year or even a six months subscription to the STAR SHELL. The little magazine is growing every day and even now will not take second place for any of the hospital edited and published papers.

By sending this magazine home it will save you a lot of letter writing, because it tells all the news that would interest the folks at home.

Subscription price, \$1.00 per year or 50 cents for six months, one of the most

appropriate gifts for the price that can be gotten.



S. C. D.

There are a number of men in this hospital who are anxious to get an S. C. D. This is perhaps natural since the war is over. As long as there was real action in Europe; as long as there was a chance of getting at the Germans; every red blooded man wanted to be sent over seas. Now that the Hun is settled, men want to get back to their homes and begin work.

Some fellows let their feelings run away with their good sense. They are not satisfied to take the medicine that is best for their disease, whether it be mental or physical. Children cry for the stove; the miller tries its wings on the lamp; but there is not much thinking in either action. It takes clear thinking to decide what is best for one, and then sometimes a person makes a mistake.

Tuberculous men are located in this sanatorium at the government's expense. They are given the very best of treatment possible. They are watched carefully every day by expert medical men. Even with all of these advantages there are sick men here who are doing everything they can to get discharged. If they are discharged, they have absolutely no fears of the future.

A good plan to follow in reference to your S. C. D. is to use good common horse sense, and then take the advice of the tuberculosis specialists, who are interested in the welfare of every individual soldier in the hospital.



THE ARMY—You fellows in the Navy are having a kind of a slow time of it, aren't you?

THE NAVY—Don't apologize, Field-Marshal. Of course, you Army guys were the goods in the big war, but—
WE DELIVERED 'EM!

—Judge

Auto Shop Notes

The auto mechanics class has been the most popular place in camp recently. We attribute this popularity to two reasons; first we have a very efficient teacher; and second the Red Cross has given us two cars upon which to experiment.

We had a big blow-out Thanksgiving day which caused some of the auto mechanics to lay off for repairs. Friday was like blue Monday. It takes time to get everything in running order after a feed like we had Thanksgiving, but we are now "down to brass tacks."

"Ignition" is a big word, but we will be able to tear every letter apart and put it back together again before we are through with that old Hudson.

Shanks took the Reo out for a walk the other day, and before he got back with her, her one good lung collapsed. We had to haul her in on the truck. It is up to Shanks to bear funeral expenses.



Spanish Influenza Epidemic

The epidemic of Spanish Influenza, which is at present sweeping the country, made itself felt about a month and a half ago at United States Army General Hospital, No. 17, Markleton, Pa. Altho every precaution had been used to ward off its entrance, still an emergency case taken off a troop train en route from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to Camp Jessop, on the night of October 13, 1918, was the preliminary step by which this hospital was partially incapacitated up until the present time.

This one insignificant case was the means of invaliding thirty-one others, unfortunately, claiming one other, beside himself, by death. The other cases recovered gradually, altho it was absolutely essential that our doctors keep constantly on the watch for broncho-pneumonia.

There were many different characteristics of this scourge to be considered.

Upon entrance, high temperature, redness of throat, and sharp demarkations between the soft and hard palate were noted. Inflamed eyes were also a very noticeable feature.

As each case was admitted to the isolation ward, it was placed in a separate room, and a special nurse placed in charge. Every means known to the medical science was used to check the disease. It was due to the careful attention of our doctors and nurses that we did not have many more cases.



The Count Says

The stairway being built from the main road to the nurses cottage might be used as a toboggan slide this winter and a roller-coaster in the summer. It would afford excellent amusement for the natives, sojourners, and visitors of Markleton.

If it does not stop raining we will be forced to believe the Cassleman river has been properly named.

The other day I heard a couple of fellows talking about Natural History. At last one of them said in a disgusted tone, "You dont even know what a ground hog is."

"Sure I do," said the other, "its a sausage."

In a certain camp one of the boys was taken before the Colonel who said to him, "What would you do if I should tell you that you were to be shot at sunrise?"

"Gee, Colonel," said the soldier, "I think I would pray for rain on that day."

A private answered sick call the other day and complained of "pains in the head."

The surgeon asked, "What kind of pains?" and the private answered, "Musical pains, Sir," whereat the surgeon asked how they sounded.

The private quickly answered, "'Home, Sweet Home,' Sir!"

—*The Arklight*

Nurses' Items

Miss Broadus, the head nurse, has returned to the hospital. She has been spending a few weeks at her home in Kentucky.

Miss Mitchell has gone to her home in Camden, N. J. to spend her vacation.

Four new nurses have been added to the staff here. They have been working at Lakewood, N. J., and were transferred here from that place. They are: Miss Sarah Bodkin and Miss Eleanor Fenton of Dorchester, Mass., Miss Catherine Clarry of Rochester, N. Y., and Miss Kathryn Madden of Cleveland, Ohio.

A Good Laugh

"Go on and laugh at me, fellows, go on and laugh," said Archie Goddard as he stood back and folded his arms across his breast. Then almost in tears he asked one of his mates to assist him in making his bed as Miss Geesey had instructed him. After a great deal of explanation and demonstration, the "Count" was instructed in the art of folding blankets in regulation style, and became quite proficient under the expert supervision of Miss Geesey, who, by the way, had informed him that camouflaged beds would not pass inspection in her ward, Goddard explained with some heat, that he never had been and had no desire to become a chamber maid.

This is the time in all the year
When our hearts are filled with cheer;
When we wish each other man well
And tell the Hun to go to Hell.
Altho we are in Markleton,
I'll bet you that we do have fun,
With all the good things we can eat,
A Christmas tree that can't be beat.
Then sing a song of hearty joy,
Peace on earth—Good will to every
boy.

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Candy of Quality

Interned

There are thousands of men in the
A. E. F.

Who did not volunteer,
And plenty more will be going o'er

Who'd just as soon stay here.

The most unfortunate man today

Is the fellow who came to the front
And offered his all to his country's call

And was ready to bear the brunt—
But was cast aside and assigned else-
where

To replacements or Depot Brigade,
And there to remain till he grew insane
As he waited in vain for aid.

For his longed-for chance to go to
France

Does not materialize;
He storms and he frets, but he never
gets

His chance like the other guys.

He writes in despair to his friends
"over there"

That he'd give ten years of his life
If he could get in it for only a minute
To try out his luck in the strife.

Now last year they told him that they
had to hold him

On this side with other good men
To train new recruits in making sa-
lutes.

Yet again and again and again.

Now the end of the fight is almost in
sight,

He's as far from the front as at first:
Is it any great wonder he thinks it a
blunder

And his soreness cannot be dispersed?
For now it would seem that his fondest
dream—

To fight for the U. S. A.—
Will never arrive, although he may
strive,

And hope against hope for The Day.

The lucky ones in this great world war
Are not the men who are killed,

Nor the wounded ones, be they Allies
or Huns,

No matter what blood they have
spilled.

The most unfortunate man today

Is the man who jumped at the chance
To fight like Hell from the tap of the
bell

But who'll never see service in
France.

--An enlisted soldier.

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The Citizens National Bank



Meyersdale, Pa.

God Speed the Day

Good luck ! " God speed
You on your way "
We said, when you
Went off to war.
And now—" God speed
The happy day
That brings you safely
Home once more."

To which we add our hearty wishes of a
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year
to the Boys at Markleton

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MEYERSDALE, PA.

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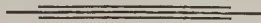
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The Dependable Bank

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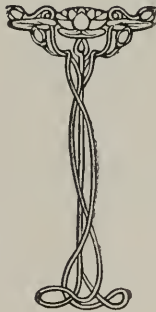
The Colonial National Bank

Connellsville, Pa.

RESOURCES \$930,000.00

With Best Wishes to the Boys

Compliments of
Tri State Candy
Company

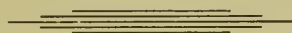


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The result—the most complete assortment of merchandise of this kind in the county at prices that are reasonable.

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